

AGAWAM MIRROR



**AGAWAM,
MASSACHUSETTS**

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The AGAWAM MIRROR

AGAWAM HIGH SCHOOL

AGAWAM,

MASSACHUSETTS



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EDITORIALS

OUR STUDENT COUNCIL

Wherever there is a group of people, there must be some form of organization to govern. In Agawam High this organization is known as the Student Council. When we say 'to govern' we do not mean to crush all our hopes of pleasure but to add to them. Some of us if allowed excessive freedom would take advantage of it and consequently distract from the pleasure of our classmates. Others of us unconsciously are doing some little thing that may not appear wrong to us but may cause unhappiness. It is a common occurrence in many schools for a pupil to cause unintentional accidents through his carelessness. "It can't happen here" doesn't always apply.

When receiving a student council slip we should not have a grievance against our classmate giving it to us. There is no personal feeling attached to these slips and often they are given by members of the Student Council to their best friends. If we don't understand the reason why we have received a slip, it is our responsibility to ask the giver without creating a disturbance. A commotion will only obtain us ridicule in the eyes of our associates. Neither will it benefit us any by sputtering to our friends that we have been unjustly treated. Student Council slips are to benefit us, so let us take advantage of their benefits. Our attitude plays an important part in the success of the Student Council and if we wish to be ruled by the consent of the governed, we must help the Council to progress and make our school the best.

Shirley Abell.

BETTER THAN VICTORY

There is a certain English word that will make the average high school student appear deaf and dumb at its mere mention. Like that certain, varying, note of the scale that Mr. Hadley speaks of, its sound sends a message of horror to the brain. It works like magic to cause a frown to cloud the countenance of any boy or girl as if he immediately anticipated a dreadful sermon. Nevertheless, even as you now are preparing to cork your ears and knot your foreheads, I shall attempt to write concerning that dreadful word — sportsmanship.

A good sport, some say, is one who does not care if he wins or loses, and plays a game merely for pleasure. I disagree. I consider a good sport the fellow that plays the game to win and feels bad if he loses. A player should set his heart on winning the game he plays. Consequently, he will be expected to feel bad under defeat. The important thing is: he should suffer inwardly and not express his disappointment under any conditions. Outwardly, he should praise his opponents and say: "You beat us because you're a better, stronger team than we are." Be it true or not, nothing makes a victorious team really contented with victory until those words are spoken.

Fifteen years ago, at the defeat of Harvard in the final Harvard-Yale game of the season, the supporters of Harvard, after seeing their team suffer a humiliating defeat at the hands of Yale, actually cheered Aldrich, the Yale captain. Is Agawam capable of paying a compliment that is better than victory?

P. R. Rouse

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IN OUR DEFENSE

You Lancelots and Sir Galahads of 1937 are far from the courteous gentlemen of King Arthur's Round Table. You still have your quarrels over us, the fair sex, but instead of making these decisions with a duel of swords, you argue it out with your fists. Not that we would rather see our best beaux struck with a sword than a fist, but why fight at all?

While walking around the corridors we do not expect to be bowed to, but neither do we care to be knocked down, for besides ruining our well preserved dignity, it spoils our dispositions. As for being helped in and out of the car, most of us are very capable, but it does give us such thrill to have someone really care whether we get in without knocking our hats off, or our without tearing that brand new pair of stockings.

Nothing boasts our self confidence more than meeting one of father's business associates or friends on the street and having him tip his hat. Of course, we can't expect you hatless men to tip your hats, but you might nod and speak.

Please accept these few hints to be popular with us girls.

Norma Jane Winter.

MARKS

Marks, in themselves, are unreal. For the time we gain recognition for what we have to show, but ultimately, unless there is contained within us a knowledge, the marks are worthless. If we outshine all others outwardly, and yet lack a sincere love for that which we have learned, and have no desire to probe deep into the subject and acquire an extra knowledge just for our own interest,—then we have failed. We are not interested in reading descriptive passages, valuable for their beauty and thought. We might have covered the subject adequately enough to pass an examination. Yet, this is not the real test. We may yet be dubious as to the meanings of words,

the most beautiful passages, and the author's style. At a future time when we shall learn from the bitter school of experience, we may look back and realize that we have lost something that was rightfully ours.

Marks should play a small part in our education. It is a form of vanity, if we allow them to pervert our attention from the acquirement of knowledge to the idea of being rewarded with distinction and praise. For in the very process of gaining a knowledge we are rewarded.

Gloria Brown.

HEALTH FIRST

"Will you come out and play with me?" calls a merry and joyful person.

"I'm busy doing my homework because I want to go to the movies tonight," answers a weary voice.

This is just one out of the numerous instances where health is sacrificed for enjoyment. We all like to enjoy life and sometimes place enjoyment above health. This is a great mistake which some make constantly without realizing it. Health should be considered first and highest. It is rarely looked at with this viewpoint. But if we mar our health then we will have very little enjoyment.

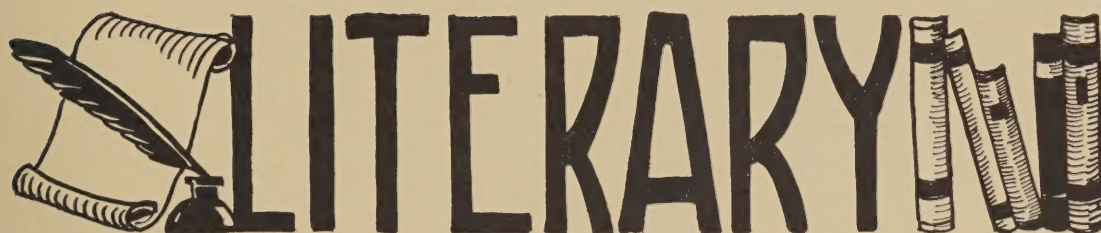
The question which is probably in your mind is how you can be outside playing and also get your homework done. Nobody realizes until he has tried it how much more alert his mind is after playing a vigorous game or taking a brisk walk. He finds that he can do his homework with much more speed and accuracy.

Amusements such as movies should be left out on school nights. Over the weekend and on holidays you have numerous chances.

If you put health first, I'm sure you'll be a happier and healthier person than ever before.

Elizabeth Sjostrom.

LITERARY



THE TANNER'S SON

The Reverend Thomas Bollard was traveling along the sylvan road that linked Bethel and Georgetown, Ohio. He was journeying in a light wagon, drawn by a decrepit mare. The country through which he was proceeding was not exactly virgin, but could be called, without unduly stretching the imagination, unaffected and natural. The Reverend Ballard was on his way to take up his new duties as parson at Maysfield, Kentucky, and was but a day's journey out of Cincinnati. It was the autumn of 1826, and the parson passed the time pleasantly by taking in all of the beauty that nature shows in that particular season.

He was young, but did not show his youthfulness, being prematurely wrinkled and slightly grey. He had also acquired some of the bad habits peculiar of old age, as for instance, talking to himself. Frail in physique and sallow, yet frank of countenance, he did not look like a man suited to the hardships of the country. His sandy hair was sparse, his brown eyes were deep set and sorrowful.

He was endeavoring to reach Maysfield before dark, God and Emily, the mare, willing. Emily was slowing up perceptibly so the parson decided to water her at the next farm house. Outside Georgetown he stopped at the edge of the road and walked up the sanded walk to a weatherbeaten, but neat farmhouse.

Before he reached the door, a lanky farmer lad of about sixteen years appeared around the corner of the house.

"The master, he done gone into Georgetown

to his tannery, suh," he spoke a half southern drawl."

"I don't mean to bother you, but my mare needs water and I wondered if I could have some." The parson spoke in a soft, cultured tone of voice.

"Suah, suahly, suh, no bother at all." The lanky lad was already on his way to the well, before he had finished speaking, and when the minister followed, he told him to "set" on the chair by the doorsill.

The parson was wiping the dust of the road from his brow, when a freckled, round faced youngster came around the house. He could not be over four. He looked fearlessly up at the stranger and let his grey-blue eyes smile up at him. The pastor greeted him.

"Hello, youngster, and how are you today, eh?"

"I'se awright," the youngster answered promptly, so that the pastor was taken aback. He had not expected such a prompt and bright answer.

"Well, that's fine and —." The lanky lad returned with the bucket of water.

"You all must be tired, suh, so you just "set" and ah'll give your horse this water. That's the master's son, cute 'un isn't he?"

"He is an exceedingly bright lad," the parson answered, "and thank you, I think I will sit a moment and rest, but only for a moment, for I must reach Maysfield, by sundown."

The lad watered the horse, and brought some fresh milk for the parson. The parson was startled at this hospitality, and was profuse in his gratitude. He was new to the country.

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The youngster sat quietly on the ground looking up at the parson's face.

"He is a nice, well mannered lad," commented the Reverend Bollard.

"He suah is, suh, quiet, gentle, and kind. Why he wouldn't hurt a kitten. He loves animals, 'specially horses. He likes everything 'ceptin his father's tannery. He don't like that at all."

The parson listened to the lad and watched the child, who had lowered his gaze. He was helping a catterpillar, by lifting obstructions from it's path.

"Maybe he is destined for a greater position in life, than that of a tanner," said the reverend, "a lawyer or a doctor, for instance."

"Maybe so, suh," returned the lad, "he won't make a good tanner anyway."

"He has the look of a boy who is fearless and quietly determined to have his way, as a soldier might have."

"Oh, no, suh," the lanky one quickly answered, "he won't make no soldier nuther, cause he's too kind and he don't like the sight o' blood."

"He will undoubtedly make something worthwhile of himself though," the parson said as he rose to go, "what is his name?"

"Ulysses Grant, suh." John Quigley.

FIGHTING FISH

Some sportsmen will not be convinced that there is no gamer fish than the trout. Others say the salmon is the gamest. Natives of Wisconsin will swear the pike is the gamest fighter. But they are talking of twelve, fifteen, and fifty pound fish. But for any five pound fish, the small mouthed black bass is the gamest, strongest, and will out-fight any fish his size.

We were making our way slowly out on Big Lake near Topsfield, Maine. On this hot August day, the crystal water swirled in back of the boat as we slowly moved past the islands with their green foliage and rocky shores.

I was idly holding my rod in one hand and dragging the other in the water. As we had not

been getting any strikes for over an hour, I was dreaming of the pleasant water, and how fine it would be to jump in for a lone swim. Crash! The rod was nearly jerked from my hand and now was bent nearly double. I came to life with a start and snapped the rod erect. There was a terrific pull on my wrists I kept the line taut and tried to reel in. On both sides of me, my father and my host were shouting useless information. "Watch it now, he'll pull hard."

I was certain of that.

"Keep the line tight!"

Meanwhile the fish was coming toward the boat like a torpedo.

The bass broke water ten feet from the boat. He was a magnificent specimen, fully fifteen inches long. He must have weighed three or four pounds. His dark green back showed for an instant before he fell back in. I reeled in furiously. Then he pulled back and my reel sang as the line went out. After a fight of at least ten minutes, I worked him up to the boat. My wrists and fingers ached terribly. My father swung the net, but the fish dodged and broke water once again. He flipped and wiggled and fell back into the water. My line was loose. I reeled it in quickly. There was no fish on the end. On his last jump this magnificent warrior had won his freedom.

Clifford Keeney.

TREES ON A HILLSIDE

The boisterous October wind swept through the birches bending them before its breath, just as easily as it scattered the leaves helter-skelter over the hard ground. Swaying in the wind, the evergreens let their old needles fall with a little ticking sound like the light tapping of a pencil on a desk. The rugged oak tree, alone, defied the rough wind and, disdaining to bend its mighty branches, it looked down with scorn on the trembling birches and swaying evergreens. The whole hillside presented a picture of conflict and conquest.

Dorothy Steele.

FACULTY TRAVELERS

Mr. Williams, Miss Powers and Mrs. Smith have very kindly given in interviews interesting and informative descriptions of their respective travels during the summer recess.

Mr. Williams when asked to tell about his trip with Mrs. Williams this past summer through England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France, replied that it would be impossible to describe the entire journey adequately, but that he would be glad to give a few impressions. Here they are:

Southern England reminded me of Vermont with its rounded hills covered with pastures. The countryside is very neat and thrifty in appearance. Buildings are made of stone with roofs of thatch or tile. Not so many automobiles, but hundreds of bicycles everywhere. Automobiles are heavily taxed on the basis of horsepower so that the cars are small, some having but three horsepower. Cars pass on the right and keep to the left of the road in meeting traffic. Oxford University dates from 13th century and is composed of several colleges, four of which are for women.

Holland is like a gigantic raft with much of the land lying several feet below sea level. The sea is kept out by miles and miles of dikes upon which highways are built. Houses do not have cellars but are built on piles to keep them from sinking into the water-soaked land. Holland contains 8 million people, 3 million bicycles and 2 million cows (each cow has a name). Amsterdam, the chief commercial city, is built on 90 islands connected by 300 bridges. Many families live on house boats which ply the canals. The natives living on the Isle of Marken and at Volendam continue to wear wooden shoes and their colorful native costumes. They urge the tourist to take their picture then insist on a small payment. The cows live with the farmer and his family during the winter. Of course, the cows are kept in another room, but they all enjoy each other's company under the same roof during the cold months.

In Germany we saw many young people dressed in uniforms and marching in formation through the country. They looked strong and healthy but not happy. We had an unforgettable boat ride up the Rhine from Bonn to Mainz, a 100 mile ride through beautiful country fairly teeming with history. The hillsides are utilized to the last square yard for the growing of grapes. In some sections we counted from 20 to 30 terraces going up the hillside, and in many places steps were necessary because of the steepness of the slope. We passed many old castles situated on prominent places along the river. The Mouse Tower, Lorelei Rock and Drachenfels Castle were perhaps the best known. In Germany as in all countries of Europe the traveler has to pay for his bath and furnish his own soap. The bath towels are as large as bed-spreads.

Both Lucerne and Interlaken are tourist places de luxe of Switzerland. The numerous lakes, little villages snuggled into deep valleys, and the majestic snow crowned peaks combine to exhilarate even the travel weary. To attempt to describe the breath-taking beauty and grandeur of the Jungfrau from the Lanterbrunnen Valley would be folly indeed. It reminded me of some of the scenes in the moving picture "Lost Horizon." The people harvest their hay crop in the summer and carve many fine wooden figures during the winter. Practically everything is done by hand labor. The Swiss think nothing of building railroads up and through the Alps. Electricity is the common power. Switzerland is a country people invariably wish to revisit time after time."

At this point the spell was broken by the ringing of the school bells and the interview was over.

Miss Powers who toured the West Indies, related the following facts about her trip:

"Our first stop was at Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Here the living conditions were very poor. The natives live in crude mud huts and

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we often saw a small pile of charcoal on the roadside where they did their cooking. But the most outstanding sight was the Great Market Place where all the natives from many miles around come to buy and sell. No sanitation whatever is used in this open air market.

In South America we visited the forts and cathedrals of Cartagena, the second oldest city on the continent. We climbed Mt. Popo, which commands an excellent view of the ancient city Cartagena and its beautiful harbor and here visited some monasteries. After leaving Cartagena we went to Barranquilla and then began our journey of the Canal Zone. After going through Cristobal and Colon, we traveled through the Canal to Balboa and Panama City, seeing both the slums and the well-to-do sections."

"Did you see anything of the educational systems there, Miss Powers?"

"Yes, we did. We visited a school in Barranquilla. It was situated in a crowded district in a large apartment block where several rooms only were devoted to the school. Only one-third as large as ours, with poor lighting facilities, no blackboards, and a teacher who spoke Spanish, it was far below our standard schools. However, the schools in Colon and Panama City were very modern. We were told that a teacher's salary started at \$140 per month and worked up to \$195 a month."

Another interesting account was given by Mrs. Smith of her experiences in the Mediterranean Countries.

"On our cruise of the Mediterranean," began Mrs. Smith, "we stopped first at the semi-tropical Azores. It was very exciting when we passed through the Strait of Gibraltar. Tiny Spanish gun boats darted out from the shore apparently so that they might determine from what country our ship came.

In Egypt we landed at Alexandria and from there went to Cairo. In this Nile Country all the homes are houses of mud brick and the only trees are the date trees which supply the people with some of their food. Along

the Nile we noticed luxuriant fields of cotton, water buffaloes working the irrigation, and people in their strange costumes working in the fields."

"Did you visit the Pyramids, Mrs. Smith?" I queried.

"Yes, we rode camels to see the Pyramids and the Sphinx once in daylight and again in moonlight which even more effectively brought out the beauty of the ancient monuments. We also visited the bazaars of Cairo and the Egyptian Museum containing the marvelous relics from King Tut's tomb.

Traveling by train from Cairo to the Red Sea we then crossed in a ferry boat to Asia. As we drove along a newly built road similar to the ones in the United States, we saw the modern and the old Jerusalem, the sea of Galilee, and the many other places where the events of Biblical history were enacted. At Damascus, the oldest city in the world, we visited a most wonderful Arabian Museum. We then went to see the ruins of Baalbek, which were the most impressive monuments of antiquity I witnessed on my trip.

After leaving Asia, we traveled through Greece visiting the Acropolis, and the cities of Naples and Rome in Italy. The scenery all along the Amalfi Drive, Italian Riviera, and the French Riviera was perfectly beautiful."

When I asked Mrs. Smith her impression of her whole journey she promptly replied, "I think America is 'The Promised Land,' but our work here is not yet completed."

Ruth Cornfoot.

ABOARD A CABIN CRUISER

Have you ever traveled Connecticut River? If you haven't, you probably think of it only as a muddy body of water. However, if you could have taken the trip I took, I'm sure your impressions would change, just as mine have.

We started from Essex, a small fishing town in Connecticut, aboard a new Kris Craft Cabin Cruiser. As we pulled farther away

from the dock, the Anchored Yachts with their billowing sails reminded me of snowy white clouds against a blue sky.

Up the river we traveled, breathing deeply the fresh air, and feeling the gentle spray of the water on our faces. All along the river banks, there were cozy cottages nestled in among the huge green trees. In front of the cottages, there were white sandy beaches leading into the cool sparkling water.

At each turn of the river, we hoped to see another boat, for it is a custom, on water, to wave to the people on board — thus there is a feeling of friendship and security, that adds to the delightful atmosphere.

Soon we approached a huge cliff, which had what seemed like a huge castle perched high on its peak. From further inquiry I found it was the home of William Gillette, a famous actor. From the water, the view looked like a fairy dream. Along the jagged rocks there were paths cut with what seemed like small Chinese pagodas, placed on them. The huge trees surrounding the house and the cliff rising high above the water seemed to isolate the estate, from civilization.

Slowly the boat turned in the water, and all too quickly I realized the journey was over. Yet, it was the most impressive trip I had ever taken. Utopia could hardly be more beautiful.

Janet Waterbury.

THE STORM SUBSIDES

The usually calm surface of the lake now breaks up into thousands of little pieces. White caps rise and disappear again. For out from the shore a small boat, its white sail showing clearly its uneven course, is tossed wildly about. A streak of lightning zig-zags its way through the clouds. In the distance thunder peals; then rumbles, as if hundreds of barrels were being rolled down a boardwalk, until the noise is no longer audible. The black sky meets the still blacker lake at the horizon. Only now and then is the earth

brightened by the lightning. The branches of great trees bow low, as they are whipped back and forth. Twigs and leaves, unable to endure the beating, tumble to the ground. Great drops of rain pelt against the sand. Now, once again, a great gust of wind adds to the anger of the already furious trees.

Then slowly the rain slackens. The trees, again, stand upright. Waves which formerly dashed furiously against the shore now pat it gently. The white caps lose their color. The boat once more sails smoothly on, recovering its lost course. The black sky turns blue and white. Yellow streaks of lightning are replaced by a bright, red sun.

The wet sand and the fallen twigs and leaves are the only remaining signs of the storm.

Lovisa Davis.

PORTRAIT

This is a surrealistic word-picture of one of today's poetesses. Her voice is a melody dispersed with little flute trills. The sparkle in her eyes is sudden and fleeting as heat lightning. Her words race after each other as though they were jumping from a rivet. Her moods are uncontrollable and short of duration. She will flicker across your memory at the buzz of a dentist's drill, the sound of a canary's song, or the sultry silence of a June night. She is a genius!

Dorothea Atwood.

A DAY OF ALL DAYS

After dinner, Charlotte, Rodney, and I, amused ourselves by climbing over huge boulders, catching crabs and starfish, and slipping down the slimy sides of barnacled boulders. We spent the afternoon in an amusement park having more fun than ever before.

As evening drew near, we found a place on the shady deck of the Arlerton. The whistle blew a deep blast, the starting engine motors shook the boat as we pulled slowly away from the dock and we turned, heading for home leaving behind what is now only a dear memory.

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OCTOBER

It is six — the grey clouds break
Into a streak of gold.
The mountains' mist upon the plain
Clears; now to unfold
The streaming lines of purple clouds,
Of pink and red and gold.

The steeples baths in amethyst,
And the blue-jay has begun
His call; the grey squirrels chatter gaily
At the coming of the sun.

And now the gold and russet leaves
Color the twinkling dew.
And misted by the autumn damps,
The fir trees shine anew.

The dawn has ushered in the day
And brings into the street
October's blue and dancing leaves
All about our feet.

Irene A. Mulak.

CLOUD DREAMS

When you're feeling lazy
A-lying on the grass,
Look up to heaven and behold
The downy clouds that pass.

There's Mickey Mouse a-dancing,
A-playing all his might.
And even Hawthorne's old Stoneface
Is there so droll and bright.

It's fun to be a-lying
So lazy on the grass
And watch your dreams go in and out
On the fluffy clouds that pass.

Irene A. Mulak.

WOODLAND GLORIES

By a pine tree on an island
In the leafy month of June
Sat I 'mongst the woodland's glories
Listening to the woodland's tune.

Sturdy oaks and plummy willows,
Shady elms and white birch trees,
Joined their hands in friendly frolic,
Bending, bowing in the breeze.

Sandy shores and rocky caverns
Covered o'er by climbing vines
Lady slippers and purple violets
Grew in shadows 'neath the pines.

In the green and leafy branches
Jays and robins paused to rest.
Sang in gleeful throaty warbles
To their mates upon the nest.

Beauty I had always caught
But never had I dared
To hope to find such loveliness
As nature pictured there.

Albina Penna.

THE SHIP OF YOUTH

Her sails unfurled like frothy clouds against
the sky
She turns her glistening bow from the peaceful
shore
Her graceful hulk to part these waters, never
more.

This shining ship, her classic lines unmarred
by storm or fray
Seeks to conquer fathoms of the tide, and
someday
Cast anchor in the harbor's calm somewhere
on the other side.

Darlene Leesley.

MY TRIP TO THE SOUTH SEAS

I am going to tell you about an exciting voyage I took this summer. You may think I was fortunate to have so many thrilling adventures, but bear in mind that it is possible and easy for anyone interested to partake in the identical adventures that befell me on this remarkable voyage.

I sailed from home one day on the schooner "Hispaniola." There were twenty men aboard—all rough, weatherbeaten sailors. One burly fellow with a peg-leg and crutch impressed me considerably. I think he said his name was Silver. After journeying twelve days on rough seas, we reached our destination—a small island where we hoped to find hidden treasure.

Most of us went ashore and immediately quarrelsome Silver was in a fight with another sailor. Silver grabbed an overhanging branch for support, and hurled his heavy crutch full force at the other. I saw the poor sailor fall, gasping for breath. I saw the murderer hobble to his victim, and administer two quick, successive, blows with a knife that ended all his misery.

A few days later there was a mutiny. I sympathized with the officers who were driven to refuge in a stockade by the mutineering pirates. After a long, bitter fight, filled with excitement, the mutineers were finally driven under cover of the woods.

But there was still treasure to be found! We studied the detailed map we possessed, and after considerable effort, we located the thicket where the treasure was thought to be buried. We all rushed into the underbrush, then stopped in amazement. A yawning hole stood in the spot where the treasure should have been. It meant only one thing! Someone had beaten us to the gold.

Our hopes were dashed to pieces until we met a queer old man. He was the man of the island, and he told us that we were the first Christians he had spoken to for three years. He revealed to us that it was he who had rifled the cache and that he had transported

the gold to his cave. Hastily, we explored his cave, and there our search was rewarded. Bars of gold glistened in the candlelight, and heaps of coins sparkled magnificently. The gold was loaded on the "Hispaniola," and we sailed for home with a crew of five. The remaining men had been killed in the strife that followed the discovery of the treasure.

Needless to say, we arrived in port safely, and the treasure was equally divided. Reluctantly, I turned the final page of Stevenson's "Treasure Island."

Roland Perusse.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

By Kenneth Roberts

"Northwest Passage" is an historical novel centering around the period of the American Revolution. Indians dressed in full war regalia, blood-curdling war whoops, horrible raids and murders on one side and on the other, the Rangers, hard-fighting, serious, and ready to give up their lives to make the west a safe place for white settlers—all these form a colorful background for a thrilling plot. Such points aid in making this one of the best historical novels I have ever read.

The story is told in the first person by Langdon Towne, a young inexperienced artist. He joins Roger's Rangers, a company under the control of Robert Rogers becomes one of Towne's best and most influential friends. Hazardous expeditions against the Indians are told so realistically that they make the blood curdle. The expedition against St. Francis is especially vivid and will remain undimmed in one's memory long after the last page has been turned. Delicately woven into the plot is the pathetic story of Anne Porter, a young orphan, whom Towne befriends.

Kenneth Roberts has done an excellent piece of work in combining excitement, adventure, realism, tragedy, pathos, and vivid description into a truly great novel.

Eva Casanova.

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SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

Today we consider this world of ours to be civilized, but we forget that such a supposition can be only a generalization. Would you like to see a land and a people that are decidedly backward in their development of government and nation? The Arabians are an aggressive, determined, nomadic race of people situated in a land parched by the sultry sun overhead and wanting in water supplies, in fertile fields, and in green pastures. The late T. E. Lawrence their champion, a mysterious individual to the outside world, depicts the warring tactics of this nation, and indirectly reveals to us his own personality in his book, "Seven Pillars of Wisdom."

In reading this what pleased me most, however, was the style of the author. His powers of description are outstanding. For he has the ability to portray so vividly particular individuals and specific situations that the reader cannot help seeing the picture. Throughout the book are many excellent examples of unusual description, a few of which are: "Bicycles they called devil horses, the children of cars, which themselves were the sons and daughters of trains." "In our imaginations Check was a short, compact, furious man, darting glances every way from beneath tangled eyebrows for an end to his troubles, beside him Victory beamed a lanky, white-skinned rather languid woman."

Perhaps these examples will induce you to believe that T. E. Lawrence's book "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" is worthwhile reading.

Patricia Donnellan.

HETTY GREEN, THE WITCH OF WALL ST. Sparks and Moore

From early childhood, Hetty Green had a desire to be the richest woman in America. She lived to realize her ambition, but not without the loss of pride, self-respect, and the respect of others.

She had no code of ethics. Her only loves were money and her children, and money was most important to her. The methods she used often landed her in a court of law and not unfrequently she lost out.

Hetty was a miser. For years she lived in a cheap flat in Jersey City. She traveled in day coaches, and wore other people's cast off clothing. When sick, she went to a clinic, and when she wanted professional advice, she pestered lawyers for free information.

I liked the story. The authors presented an excellent picture of the crabbed old miser who was Hetty Green; of her life, and of her influence on other lives.

George Maillard.

BEFORE I FORGET

By Burton Roscoe

"Before I Forget" is an inspiring book, especially so for high school students. It is primarily a biography, and yet it is more than that. It is in truth a creed for all boys and girls, for in its substance it presents those most important fundamentals of success and those even more so important fundamentals of living.

The story is so engrossing in itself and so personal in its narrative that it does not allow the reader to become aware of the fact that he is being taught. It is the life of a man who rose from boyhood in an "uncultured" town of the Middle West to the position of literary editor on the Chicago *Tribune*. Letting drop little biographical gems of great newspaper and literary men, and showing the petty jealousies between such great men as Joseph Hergesheimer and Sherwood Anderson, are but a few of the authors methods of making this book enticing to the reader.

John Quigley.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

By Alexander Dumas

The sunny, frank, sailor lad, Edmond Dantes, falls the victim of a dastardly plot. Four men are responsible for his undoing — Douglars, who is avaricious; Fernand Mondego, who is actuated by rivalry in love; Caderousse, who is moved by cowardice and self-interest; and Villefort, who is impelled by political ambition.

Dantes remains in prison for many years. During these years he is taught many things by a person who is known as the "Mad Abbe." The Abbe tells Dantes the secret of a fabulous fortune. Later, when he escapes, Dantes finds the fortune.

When he finds that his father had died of starvation, Edmond Dantes disappears and in his stead comes the Count of Monte Cristo, a cold unfeeling man who harbors a vow of vengeance in his heart.

His revenge is carried out in different ways. Some of these almost cause trouble for the few people he does love. In the end, Caderousse and De Morcerf, who is Fernand Mondego, die violent deaths. Villefort becomes angry, and Monte Cristo, at last realizing that a man should not take justice into his own hands, is content to cause the financial ruin of Douglars.

Monte Cristo, himself, finds happiness with his Grecian slave, Haidee, whom he has treated as a daughter.

The plot of "The Count of Monte Cristo" is too unique to render it easily forgotten. One cannot help but see the stern drama of life and death that is played against the background of the gay, fashionable Paris of the nineteenth century.

Although Monte Cristo seems to be more like a force of nature than a living person, he shows, on a few occasions, both generosity and gratitude. Mercedes' love and sweet, simple nature

bring the reader closer to her. The other characters hold the attention as they strongly portray the emotions, actions, and thoughts of people who might be living today.

The smoothly flowing stream of events brings one gradually up to the climax where the revenge is completed.

The story pictures vividly the frivolous life of the French nobility, sharply contrasted with the living death of the galley slave.

Anna Wylie.

"THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK"

Until I read "The Americanization of Edward Bok" I never quite realized how much one individual could do in influencing other people. Edward Bok in his autobiography reveals a truly remarkable personality. Through his influence as editor of *Ladies Home Journal*, such drastic changes were brought about that it seems hard to realize how much the magazine of today owes Mr. Bok.

Yet in the relating of these advancements proposed and carried out by him, the author does not appear to be a braggart. As you read the book you gain the impression that you are reading a biography rather than an autobiography. The author has the ability of portraying himself as others see him. The effectiveness with which he carried out this scheme really interested me most.

For the keen observer of people this book offers an excellence of studying the adjustments which a foreigner has to make in acclimating himself to America. Not only that, but it also portrays the viewpoint of the old world toward the new and points out what each has to offer to the other. With these foregoing facts in mind I invite you to read "The Americanization of Edward Bok."

Patricia Donnellan.

THE PEDDLER'S CART

In that cart was a queer assortment of merchandise. Piled in one corner were pots and pans of every description. Some had long handles, some had short handles; some were heavy and big while others were small and had almost a decorative quality. In a second corner a large, dusty, blue box presented a riot of color. It was filled with red, yellow, blue, and purple ribbons, cream and white laces, orange and green feathers, and shining beads and buttons in every color of the rainbow. The other end of the cart was devoted to wooden toys, figurines, and clocks in shapes of little houses. But the wonder of the cart lay in the center of all these things. There on a shabby piece of green satin lay an object whose unusually simple lines and gleaming, polished case put the cart and its possessions to shame. It was a violin, the equal of which I had never seen.

Janet Wheeler.

Perched high on a decaying stump, I feasted my eyes on the beauties of Indian Summer — the tall, white birches, stretching their slender forms to the sky, the gayly colored leaves forming a thick carpet over the ground, and the copper colored oak leaves and large, brown acorns clinging persistently onto their branches. The frosty air, bearing the heavy odor of dry leaves, chilled my cheek. The breeze sang through the green needles of a mighty hemlock, towering its huge body high into the open sky. Then, above the rustle of the wind through the leaves of the many trees, came the shrill notes of a chickadee, while before me on a golden, maple leaf glided slowly with the breeze and gently settled down to earth.

Wilbert Humphlett.

METAMORPHOSIS

I should never have recognized the place. Formerly it had been grim, but now it seemed that a charming atmosphere of kindness and tranquility radiated from it. The house that had seemed to me gloomy and forbidding now had the air of being lived in. The stiff, clipped hedges and formal gardens had been supplanted by graceful rose arbors, while the stern, angular walls now wore a coat of concealing ivy. Once the house had seemed to look at me in the manner of a prim, maiden aunt; now it seemed to invite me to enter and become a part of the happy family that gathered around the hearth.

Anna Wylie.

PEACE

As I looked out of the schoolroom window, I could see the river, like a thin, winding ribbon of silver, diminishing rapidly into the distant, blue, hazy hills, the dull, bleak meadows, the coloring trees, and the lacy clouds drifting dreamily through space, all of which lent a peaceful atmosphere to the world.

Roy Anderson.

A WIND WHIPPED SEA

On a bleak, windy day in March, I stood on the rocky shores of the Gulf of Mexico, near St. Petersburg, Florida, and watched the pounding surf. The driving wind hurled the waves against the rocks with terrific force, sending clouds of spray high into the air. It was fascinating to see the water rise to mountainous heights and fall with crushing blows on the firm steadfast coast; and then to recede, as in defeat, leaving only a seething foam on the hard sand.

Darlene Leesley.



MUSIC ART

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RICHARD WAGNER

This year there will take place throughout the cities of the country a series of concerts similar to those held in Springfield last year. Those to which I refer will feature the works of Richard Wagner. Perhaps, a short resume of Wagner's life might make it better understood to the reader why the music world is setting this year aside in his honor.

Born in Leipsic, Germany, May 22, 1813, Wagner became acquainted at an early age with the stage through the medium of Geyer, his actor-stepfather. At twenty-one, after having made some advances in that direction he decided on a musical career. After the failure of his first two operas "Die Fien" and "Das Liebesvenbot," he married Wilhelmina Planer, an actress. By conducting a year in Russia, he managed to get together enough money to go to Paris where he hoped to make a fresh start.

Unfortunately, his difficulties there exceeded those he had encountered at the beginning of his career. His opera "Rienzi" was too long and "The Flying Dutchman," which was written in seven weeks, failed during production. This, followed by the unsuccess of "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," fired him to writing songs and copying music to sustain himself. He was exiled to Switzerland in 1848 and there he wrote not only "Triston and Isolde," sketches for "Die Meisterzinger," and the "Ring Cycle," but also brilliant essays.

He made a second attempt to win the favor of the French public but again fate was against him. "Tannhauser" was again a failure, and "Triston and Isolde" had to be withdrawn from production because no soprano could meet the

requirements of her part. At this time his wife, unable to stand the hardships, left him, but a few years later, the daughter of Liszt, Cosina von Rulou divorced her husband to become Wagner's wife.

He again went to Switzerland in 1871 but terminated his stay there with a triumphant entry into Bairneuth where he was at last recognized. Here he conducted all his operas and wrote "Porsifal" in 1883 shortly before his death.

The romantic and poetic theme of his works, his use of bass clarinets and English horns, of divided strings and of new harmonies in the orchestra have created a style which many have adopted but none have equaled.

Forrest Norris.

DOING OUR BIT

On September fourth the Kiwanis members held their international convention in the Springfield auditorium. To demonstrate what the Springfield members are doing, groups of thirty boys and girls from five local high schools were asked to sing. We left the high school at six o'clock in a bus provided for us. On arriving at the auditorium, two tall sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses from each group were chosen to don Pilgrim costumes. Everyone had a Puritan hat. Accompanied by a select orchestra and led by beloved Robert Day, we sang "New England," "Calm as the Night," "A Merry Life" and "The Lost Chord." Later we were treated to ice cream and cookies and transported back to our respective schools.

Dorothea Atwood.

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A NEW SCHOOL SONG

Here is an interesting and novel school song. The tune is that of the "Song of the Vagabonds"; the lyric is by Alfred Copson.

Down the field for Agawam,
We are with you, Agawam,
Onward on to victory!
Sons of Agawam thunder,
Rip! that line asunder
Onward, on to victory!
Fight, team, Fight, team,
Fight with all your might!
Fight, team, Fight, team,
Keep the goal in sight.
Down the field for Agawam,
We are with you, Agawam
Onward, on to victory!

AGAWAM HIGH GLEE CLUB

This year, among the things new to the school will be the Glee Club. It is an advanced course in music, and the members of the Chorus who have sufficient merit are admitted to the Glee Club.

Up to this time the four parts—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass have six members, each totaling twenty-four. However, members shall be added in groups of fours, one to a part, until the maximum of forty is reached. Its present members are those who sang the "Lost Chord" and "Calm As The Night" so well at the Columbus Day Assembly.

The future promises to keep the club very busy. Besides doing numbers for assembly programs, the Glee Club will form the nucleus of this year's Oratorio and the Spring Concert, and perhaps they will do a bit of radio broadcasting.

In any event let's wish them a lot of that which goes to make up a successful Glee Club.

Forrest Norris.

SHARPS AND FLATS

This year's Junior High orchestra promises to be the best that this school has seen since that time when the present Seniors were members of its ranks. A saxaphonist, two banjoists, five violinists, a drummer, and two members capable of performing on the piano, form an ensemble which very nicely fill the gap to be made in the High School Orchestra by this years' graduation class.

It isn't a bit too early for any would-be composers hiding in the Senior class to bring forth their talent in the form of a class song or march. And remember, it will take an exceptionally good song to equal that written by Mildred White last year.

We wonder if "Puffy" Raynor enjoys his Friday night jobs in Longmeadow?

Looks like a revolution in the orchestra if Miss Perry doesn't supply some swing pieces.

During orchestra practice some selections sound like a race between the saxophones and violins.

No Operetta this year. Instead an Oratorio featuring the Glee Club, orchestra, and four guest stars. "The Good Earth," which was originally decided upon as this years' Oratorio, has been discarded and something else will take its place.

The chorus seems to be no more. Besides the gap left in its ranks by the glee club it will be divided into a boys' chorus under Mr. Wilkinson and a girls' chorus under Miss Perry.

Has anyone noticed that it takes a peppy march to keep "Alby" Bessette and his drums awake?

Forrest Norris.

A LETTER FROM HOWARD COOK

Mr. Howard Cook, internationally known artist formerly of Springfield, Massachusetts, has written the following reply to a letter sent him by a member of the *Mirror* Staff. Mr. Cook is noted for his frescoes or wall paintings some of which can be found on the walls of the Law Library in the Hampden County Courthouse in Springfield.

Miss Darlene Leesley,
Agawam, Massachusetts.

Dear Miss Leesley:

Your letter of October 17 has been received and I will be very happy to answer your questions.

I was born in Springfield, July 16, 1901. After attending Central High came a period of three winters' study at the Art Students League of New York City which finally led to illustration of such magazines as the *Forum*, *Survey Graphic*, *Century*, etc.

During this time I jaunted off to many parts of the world, drawing all the time pictures which subsequently appeared in the above-named papers. First there was a trip to Europe and a stay in Paris; next steerage on a ship through the Panama Canal and finally to the Orient with a generous stay in Hongkong; again in Constantinople and Paris; several months working on a ship from New York to California; an eventful visit to New Mexico, where I married Miss Barbara Latham of Norwich Town, Connecticut—we lived in N. M. almost two years and got the "fever" for the mountains that has brought us back twice since then; we went to Paris again for several months; and on a Guggenheimer Fellowship lived in old Mexico a year and a half; renewal of the same saw us travelling through the Southeastern States making portraits of life that is quite different from the cities.

Now, that is taking you on quite a Cook's tour, isn't it? All of these travels were for working purposes, first of all pen-and-ink sketching, next wood blocks and etching and lithography,

then watercolors and pastel portraits and finally into mural painting in true fresco.

My most recent work will keep us on the spot for about three years, since my designs won the competition for decoration of the lobby of The San Antonio Post-Office in Texas, conducted by the Section of Painting and Sculpture of the Treasury Department. Needless to say, painting in true fresco, that is painting murals directly on the wall on wet plaster, is the most fascinating work that I have ever done.

You may see two of my early frescoes on the wall of The Law Library in The Hampden County Courthouse in Springfield which were painted in 1934 under the auspices of the Public Works of Art Project. A more recent fresco mural is in the Pittsburgh, Pa. courthouse, a work which won me the honor of The Gold Medal for Decorative Painting at the Architectural League in New York this year.

All artists' work is influenced to some extent by the loyalty and admiration felt for the great works of the past and for powerful motives of the present. It must be a synthesis for if a creative worker reflects too strongly another master there really is no use for his existing. I hope that my work contains originality and, I really believe it does.

In speaking of contemporaries in the art world, there are too many excellent schools of work to single out individuals, but the great ferment of activity, of excitement, and capability in all lines of art endeavor promise a glorious future for enriching the life of our country. One of the most promising trends in all our work today is that the artist has left the former smug complacency of his work tower and is now interpreting the things that are closer to his life and to the people to whom he belongs.

If you really wanted a list of honors that have happened my way, I am afraid that it would be a little boring, awards for prints in all media, and for mural decoration; represented in all the

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important museums in this country and some abroad.

This letter may seem a pretty stiff dose of myself but since you asked for it, here it is, and I had better sign off.

With all good wishes to the students of the Agawam High School and thanking you for your interest, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Howard Cook.

Ranchos de Taos,
New Mexico.
October 22, 1937.

WHY ART IS PRACTICAL

For Girls:

Did you know —

That it is very important for meals to be arranged artfully in order to make each meal a pleasantry rather than mere daily routine?

Being attractively dressed means more than being clad in the latest fashion? It involves careful consideration of the individual's features and personality, then an intelligent study of color schemes and tones, design, and style, is required. A sensible application of this knowledge will result in a woman dressed for the occasion with pleasing colors and flattering style.

Homes, in which serious thought is given to interior decoration, are more systematic and happier places in which to live? When each piece of furniture is placed so that it is comfortable and artistic, and when colors blend, one finds a harmonious atmosphere.

Household appliances which combine, usefulness, compactness, durability, and beauty, make work easier and less monotonous?

It is natural to take pride in owning beautiful things? Therefore, beauty encourages one to take better care to preserve not only the beauty but the usefulness of the object.

Living in a home which holds beauty important, helps to develop a keen observation and to educate one in the importance of art?

For Boys:

Did you know —

Almost all hobbies and many occupations demand skill in art? For example: photography requires study of shades of light and color; model designing necessitates skill in drawing plans and in construction work.

The well dressed man realizes the value of his appearance to his happiness and success? A man's wardrobe needs attention as to colors, fit, design, style, material, and individuality. It is no more expensive to be dressed with cultivated tastes and yet it is so important to social happiness.

In business, neatness is essential in order to have efficiency? Neatness always tends toward artistictness and beauty, and when art is put to business advantages its real practicability is proven.

Though from careless thought art may seem distant from athletic sports, in reality it is very evident? What does a football spectator saying, "What a beautiful kick!" really mean? Well, he probably means a kick with perfect timing, aim, and balance. As ridiculous as it may sound, a football team must be graceful in order to have speed and strength. Because grace is so closely related to art and beauty it shows the relationship of art in sports.

Since everyone is so closely connected with the various types of art, a cultured person must have a thorough education in art.

Rita Moseley.

NEWS

« « ASSEMBLIES » »

IN RETROSPECT

The Columbus Day Assembly was presented on October 11. The school orchestra played the opening march called, "Commander." A group of girls from the Eighth Grade, gave recitations about Christopher Columbus. Among them were Marion Hazeltine, Antoinette Provost, Helen Jakes, Louise Mandrel, Ruth Phelps, and Doris Miehan. The Mistress of Ceremonies was Thelma Murdock. Norman Wood tap danced. Miss Muriel Harmon and Winifred Duplesis sang a duet, "Vision of Columbus." This assembly was presented and directed by Miss Barnes.

On October 15th, the General Motors represented a movie on "Safety Education" and "The Automobile."

Another in the series of the educational movies was presented by the Ilva Film Corporation. This was "The Story of the Polar Regions."

On November 5th the holders of the Student Activity Ticket enjoyed a Marionet Show.

The Armistice Day Assembly was held on November 10 with a speaker from the American Legion.

Another Ilva Film was presented on November 16, "The Land of Our Forefathers."

Miss Imogene Warden told of the Revolution in Spain on November 8. She was able to tell of the life in Spain in a very realistic and vivid manner for she just returned from Spain.

The Thanksgiving Assembly was held on November 24. This was in charge of the Speaker's Club.

IN PROSPECT

The Dramatic Club will present a one-act play on December third.

On December 9, General Motors Company will present a talking picture on the "Automobile."

Impersonations of famous people will be the Special Assembly given on December 10.

The Christmas Assembly is in charge of the Dramatic Club. It will be presented on December 23. An appropriate play will be given for the holiday, "The Pageant of the Holy Grail."

NEW FACULTY

This year the Agawam High School welcomes three new teachers to its staff. Mr. Arthur B. Oulton and Mr. Richard A. Wilkinson are now teaching seventh grade. Both attended the Fitchburg, Mass. High School and the State Teachers' College at Fitchburg. Upon graduation from College Mr. Oulton taught in the Putney Grammar School of Vermont, while Mr. Wilkinson was an instructor at the Boxborough, Mass. Junior High.

Miss Helen Henderson is the new teacher in the Senior High. She attended the State Teachers' College at Salem. Before coming to Agawam, she taught at Willimantic High School.

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PRO MERITO

The Pro Merito Assembly was opened by the Agawam Glee Club singing two songs, "The Lost Chord," and "Calm as the Night."

Miss Sonia Protzenko, a graduate of last year's class, sang two selections.

Mr. Williams introduced the guest speaker, Mr. Hill. Mr. Hill is the principal of Classical High School. He spoke of the derivation of words. School is a Greek word which means leisure time. To the Greeks, learning was a splendid diversion from their usual work. He told how it should be to the students too. He also told how the students get character in school, and that is by doing your work. It prepares young people, so when they get out in the world they are prepared for whatever comes along, and they will elect people to represent them in the government that are worthy of the office.

Mr. Phelps presented the Pro Merito Pins to those students who have an average of 85 per cent or over in their studies.

Mr. Williams then told how the other Pro Merito students of past years, had been a success in life. They were in all kinds of professions, from doctors, lawyers, nurses, and teachers, and most of them were successful.

The Pro-Merito Society of the Agawam High School has been in existence fourteen years. It now has one hundred and nineteen members including the nine that were admitted this year.

To be a member of the Pro-Merito Society one must have an average of at least 85 per cent in all his subjects for three years. Pupils of the class of 1938 who have achieved this goal are: Shirley Abell, Patricia Donnellan, Robert Scannel, Beulah Spear, Ruth Cornfoot, Rita Mosely, George Maillard, Eva Casanova, and George Dugan. They received their pins at a recent assembly.

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

The Current Events Club is an eighth grade organization under the supervision of Miss Potter. It meets in Room 4 every Friday from 12:30 to 1:00. There are 80 members in the club, and every member joined voluntarily.

The officers are as follows: president, Margaret Arnold; vice-president, Edgar Reginer; secretary, Harmon Smith; treasurer, Ruth Phelps.

A Constitution Committee has made up a constitution and has decided upon the following purposes of the club:

1. To discuss and exchange opinions about current events.
2. An opportunity to speak before a group.
3. To enjoy social activities.
4. To learn the rules of parliamentary laws.

The committee also plans the meetings which will consist of radio programs, music, playlets, debates, and discussions.

Every member is required to subscribe for either the Current Events Paper or Young America.
Helen Stratton.

AGAWAM HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS WIN HIGH HONORS AT EASTERN STATES EXPOSITION

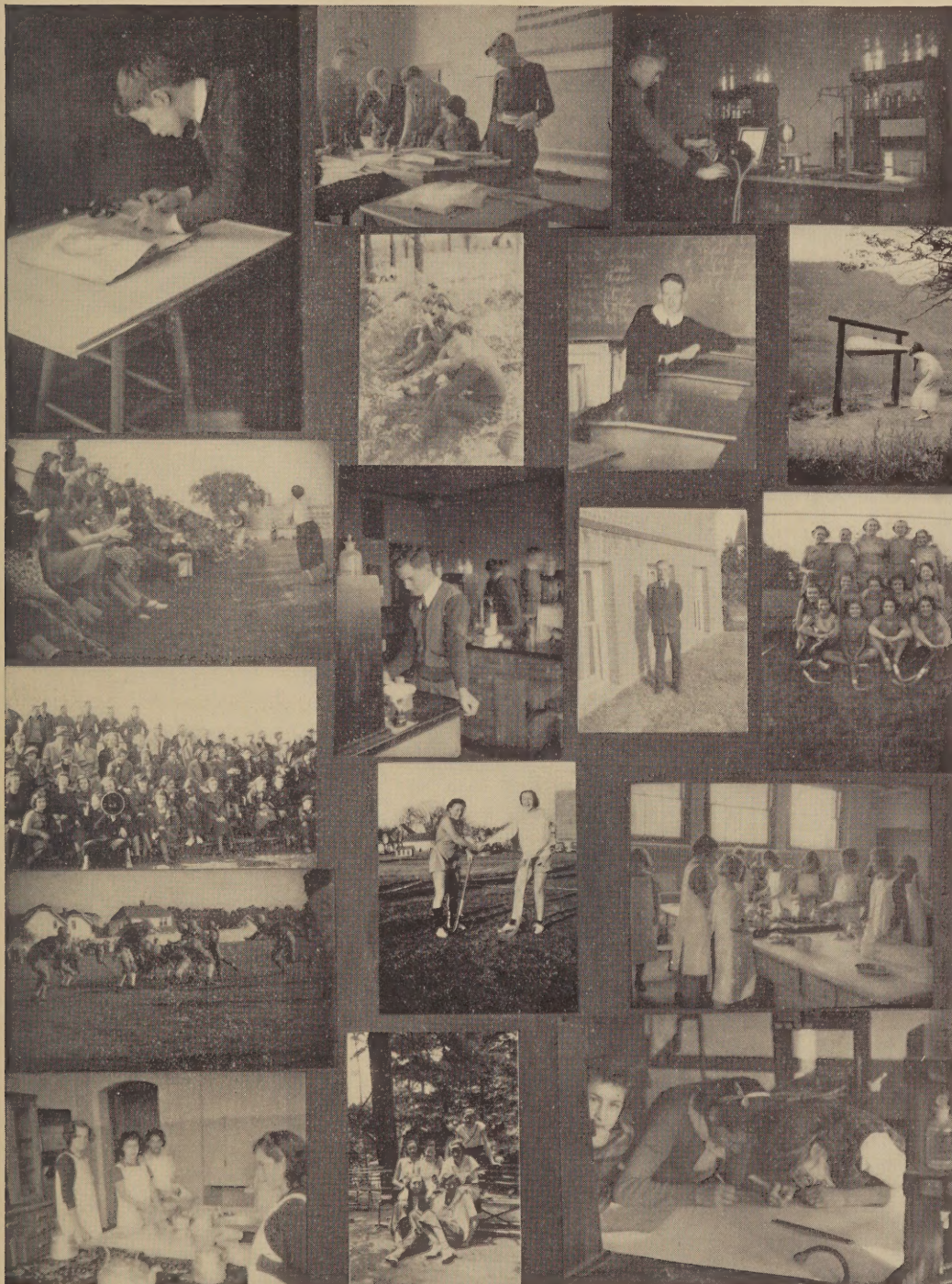
Many Agawam High pupils have won recognition for their 4-H exhibits at the Eastern States Exposition. Jean Brown received first prize in the county and second in the state for a demonstration on the production of clean milk. This prize is a gold medal and a trip to the State Camp next summer.

Sabby and Mary DePalma won ribbons for both their Alberdeen Angus and Hereford Steers and sixth and seventh for her Angus. Sabby won second prize for her Angus and fourth in the Hereford class.

Albert Christopher won the following prizes: first in vegetable displays; second, third, and eighth on eggs; first, second, third, fourth, and fifth on homemade equipments; and the Sweepstake on homemade brooders.

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"IN THE MIRROR"

TRI-HI

The Tri-Hi started the year off with a short business meeting in which Miss Ewing from the Y. W. C. A. in Springfield was introduced to the new members. At this meeting the program committee was chosen.

The Tri-Hi Club has arranged some interesting programs for the members. At one of these the guest of the club will be Mrs. McKeller who will speak on Cultivating Charm. Another interesting program will feature Mr. Williams who will speak about his trip to Europe. A complete Christmas box is going to be sent to a Kentucky mountain school. The contents will be brought by the members. Besides these, there will be many dances, suppers, and parties for the club members.

The officers for the following year are: Jean Brown, President; Stella Calabrese, vice president; Josephine Sadak, secretary; and Ruth Cornfoot, treasurer. Miss Miller is faculty adviser.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club has many interesting plans for us this year. The first of these is the student directed plays in charge of George Maillard and Virginia Clark. George Maillard will direct "Thirst" and Virginia Clark will present "Juliet and Romeo." These will be presented in Assembly December 3. The Dramatic Club also puts on the Christmas Play and the One Act Play contests. There will be several socials for members.

The officers of the club for the coming year are: Robert Scannel, president; Jean Brown, vice-president; Shirley Abell, recording secretary; Muriel Matheson, corresponding secretary; and George Maillard, treasurer. Mr. Langlois is faculty adviser.

CAMERA CLUB

The first meeting of the Camera Club was held on Monday, October eighteenth. The club is planning a print exhibition on the

subject "Leisure time." Faculty adviser, Mr. Hadley, will award worthwhile prizes for the best results.

The club will be divided into the four groups — printing, enlarging, developing, and taking good pictures. This allows each group to proceed along its own interests.

The officers of the club are as follows: Forrest Norris, president; Robert McIntire, vice-president; Joseph Brady, treasurer; Sabby DePalma, secretary, and Harold Atwater, curator.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

At the first meeting of the International Relations Club, the wars of China and Japan were discussed. Such discussions of current events, interesting speakers on foreign countries, and correspondence with European Countries through the mail make up the activities of the International Relations Club.

The officers of the club are: John Quigley, president; Sabby DePalma, vice-president; Beorgianna Styner, secretary; and Robert Scannell, treasurer. Miss Ward is faculty advisor.

THE SPEAKER'S CLUB

The Speaker's Club, organized last year under the direction of Miss Dickerman, is looking forward to an active year. The club plans to give members training in how to speak as well as actual experience in speaking. This year the American Legion of the Wilson Thompson Post is offering several handsome prizes to club members participating in the annual Oratorical Contest.

The officers are as follows: Mitchell Zielenski, president; Patricia Donnelan, vice-president; Richard Johnson, treasurer; and Jeanette Smith, secretary.

Anyone interested in becoming a member should make application to the secretary, Jeanette Smith, room seventeen.

ALUMNI



Beginning her first year at Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, is Jean Atwater.

Those back for a post graduate course include David Blackburn, Paul Adams, Fred Raynor, Adrian Utzinger, and Eleanor Fenn.

Enjoying life at Massachusetts State College is Billy Walsh, popular boy of '37.

We find Abbie Abrams studying to be a teacher at Westfield Normal School.

Working at Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company are Agnes Swanson, Evelyn Notman, and Melva Smith.

Another student at Massachusetts State College is Esther DePalma, proud owner of that handsome automobile.

Musically inclined Pauline Barbieri is now working in Steinert's Music Store.

The smiling attendant at the gas station on the corner of River Road and Meadow Street is none other than Leigh Catchepaugh.

Spending most of his time at Leigh's station during the summer months was Angelo Cimoroli and his ice cream truck.

Clyde Woodruff is now attending a Deisel Engine School in Boston.

Bay Path Institute now includes Ruth Kerr on its enrollment list.

Leaving her dramatics, Aiva Johnson now works at the Credit Bureau on Bridge Street.

We find that Hazel Wentworth has begun her first year at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island.

Another student headed for the teaching profession is Esther Brown who is attending Bridgewater Teachers' College.

June Wheeler '36 has begun her second year at Smith.

Avilda Goyette is making excellent use of her bookkeeping ability at Borgatti's store where she is bookkeeper.

Still working hard at Hadley's Furniture Company are Charles Jasmin '36 and Jimmy Grady '36.

We find Ralph Pfersick '36 is now employed by General Electric in Pittsfield.

Working at Westinghouse are Barbara Wright and her sister Eleanor. Jimmy Wright is now employed by Brecks.

The Genshiemer boys are rather scattered. Henry is in Bristol, Connecticut; Don is working for General Electric in Pittsfield, and Francis is employed by Westinghouse.

Rumor has it that Fred Thornmeyer '36 is now working for the United Electric Co.

In the office at Mallory's is Ray Crosier '36.

Margaret Keeley '36 is working at the Thomas J. Murray Plating Works.

Working in Forbes & Wallace is Gertrude Jensen.

Now for the wedding bells — Beulah Rivers '33 and Eugene Mutti '32 are happily married. Alice Balboni is now married to Arthur Zavarells of Hartford. Also we find that Walter Mosely '32, right after graduating from Massachusetts State, married Sylvia Windsor of Acushnet, Massachusetts.

Grant Sackett and Mabel Pooler are also intending to join the marital ranks soon. The best of luck to you both.

Aaron Whitlock entered Middlebury College in Middlebury, Vermont.

Bob Strniste '36 is back for a post graduate course in preparation for entering Springfield College.

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Another member of the Atwater family at Bates College in Lewiston, Maine, is Pat '36.

Leaving Alabama, Ronald Johnson '35 is now studying in Middlesex School of Medicine in Waltham, Massachusetts.

Arthur Loomis has entered Bay Path Institute.

A member of the senior class of American International College is Ray Montagna.

Grace Halladay '36, now works for the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co., while her sister Barbara is teaching in the Agawam Center School.

Now a freshman at Springfield College is '36's football hero, David Grimaldi.

Jimney Devecchi '36 is working for the Springfield Shopping News.

Buying the dessert for supper at the Federal Bakery, you are liable to be waited on by none other than our own charming Madeline Conte '36.

Employed by the Strathmore Paper Co., are Bernard Babcock '36 and Charles Ferrero '35.

Attending Wentworth Institute in Boston are Johnny Hastings '34 and Roger Merrill '36.

The engagement of Everett Ferrell '35 and Eleanor Fickweiler '35 has just been announced. Congratulations to both of you!

Another member of American International College's student body is Calvin Hewey '34.

Unfailing ambition is shown by Vincent Gallerani '36 who is working in the Carlisle Hardware Store during the day and attending Northeastern University at night. Good work "Gal"!

David Guy '36 is still doing his old alma mater proud at West Point Military Academy.

Barbara Phelps is now a sophomore at Middlebury College in Middlebury, Vermont.

Starting in at American International College, is Joe Assad '34.

Guantanamo Bay, Cuba,
November 18, 1937.

My dear Miss Winter:

It pleased me very much to receive your request to write you a letter concerning my work. You have honored me by your singular request and I hope the readers of the *Agawam Mirror* will find something of interest in what I write.

I am attached to Patrol Squadron three, operating from the Fleet Air Base at Coco Solo, Canal Zone. At present we are occupied with high altitude bombing here at Guantaoma Bay. The airplanes we fly are the large monoplanes of the type you have read about in your papers as having made "Massed Flights" which are routine deliveries to the Canal Zone and the Hawaiian Islands. They are two motored, carry guns, bombs, radio equipment, a crew of six men, and enough gas to fly more than a full day.

The squadron will in a few days return to the Coco Solo base, at the Canal Zone. There are some interesting facts about the Panama Canal which I would like to point out. First is that the Atlantic end is several miles west of the Pacific end. The sun rises in the Pacific and sets in the Atlantic. The waters of the Atlantic and Pacific never meet because of the lake which is eighty-five feet above sea level and the ships are raised and lowered by a series of locks. The original adventurers who worked on the building of the canal once set out to drink all the alcoholic beverages that could be obtained at the Canal Zone and even today, I am told, that some foolish groups of people think it a traditional duty to try to do the same. More than this I dare not tell you for fear I would become very inaccurate for I'm still on my way to this strange place.

And now, Norma-Jane, I've written all I believe you might be interested in, so if anything is not clear just ask the questions and I'll try to make true that which is vague to you.

Kenneth E. Wright,
Aviation Cadet, U. S. N.



The 1937 edition of the Agawam football team has certainly lived up to the standards set by other champion teams. As we go to press the team has played three games and has yet to be defeated.

A powerful line by Captain Paradzick and a hard-running group of backs led by Johnny Babcock are the main reasons for the success of the team. The team played a very difficult schedule, which is as follows:

- Sept. 18 Simsbury.
- Oct. 9 Adams.
- Oct. 23 Turners Falls.
- Oct. 28 Westfield.
- Nov. 6 West Springfield.
- Nov. 13 Pittsfield.

BASKETBALL AND HOCKEY

As we go to press, neither the basketball nor hockey candidates have been called out, but it is only a matter of a week or so before the start of practice.

Four of last year's starting players have graduated and Coach Smith appears to have a difficult task before him. However, he has never failed to produce good teams and this year should prove no exception.

FIELD HOCKEY

Field hockey is one of the most interesting and healthful sports for girls. A field hockey

team consists of eleven players. Five players and the offensive and six players on the defensive. The offensive players are: center forward, right inner, left inner, right wing, and left wing. The defensive players are: center half, right half-back, left half-back, right full-back, left half-back, right full-back, left full-back, and goalie. The object of the game is to take the ball down the field and hit it through the goal posts for a score of one point.

This year Agawam has seven hockey teams. A first and second Freshman team, a first and second Sophomore team, a first and second Junior team and a first Senior team. Each class had one day a week in which to practice and after a few practices the class teams were chosen.

Thursday, October 22, was the first game between two first teams. This game was between the first Junior team and the Senior team. The Juniors defeated the Seniors 4 to 0. Although that sounds like any easy victory, both teams played a good hard game. The outstanding players for the Juniors were, Rose Morris and Ruth Babcock. For the Seniors, Stella Calabrese and Jeannette Lev-
esque.

The teams will play games until the middle of November so there are many interesting and exciting games to look forward to until basketball takes its place in girls' sports.

Katherine Kane.

◀ THE AGAWAM MIRROR ▶

SIMSBURY AT AGAWAM

A veteran Simsbury team invaded Agawam in hopes of starting another victorious season at the expense of a supposedly green Agawam team. However, they were badly disappointed and went home smarting under a 20-0 setback.

Agawam showed real offensive power right from the start of the game, and, the speedy Babcock and hard-running Pisano taking turns at lugging the ball, repeatedly threatened the Simsbury quarter. In the second half Agawam marched far into Simsbury territory and chalked up a score when Roy galloped 22 yards on a reverse. The final score of the game came when Gatti snared a Simsbury pass out of the air and, behind fine blocking from Nardi, raced 25 yards to score standing up.

Agawam exhibited some hard running backs in Babcock and Pisano, while Captain Paradzick, Rosso, and Trehey stood out in the line.

AGAWAM AT TURNERS FALLS

The undefeated Agawam eleven tied a powerful Turners Falls team on a rain-soaked Turners field.

Featuring the shifty running Skryzpek, the Turners attack rolled up a lead of seven points and then depended on Parson's kicking to protect it. Agawam's offense began to click towards the end of the second half only to end when a Turner's linesman recovered a fumble.

Kalinowski helped pave the way for the Agawam score by booting a punt into the Turner's end zone. Playing safely, Turners kicked on third down, and Agawam soon brought the leather into Turner's territory. Then followed successive runs by Babcock and Pisano, the score being finally made on a 10-yard forward pass, Babcock to Smith, Gatti had no trouble in scoring the extra point to tie the game.

Agawam again launched a drive towards the Turner's goal but this was stopped by the final whistle with the ball on the Turner's 10-yard line.

Babcock was the main cog in the Agawam team and he was helped by fine blocking from all his teammates.

On the afternoon of October 9, Agawam met its first real test of the year in Adams High and came out on top by a score of 12-7. Inasmuch as it was not a home game and Adams is always a strong team, Agawam performed very well. The former did not have too much trouble in piercing our defense, but this was offset by a well functioning Agawam offense which centered around John Babcock. "Bab" was the cause of both Agawam touchdowns scoring one himself and passing to Smith for the other. The game was hard fought all the way ending with Adams threatening our goal.

(Alumni News continued from page 24)

ALUMNI STATISTICS

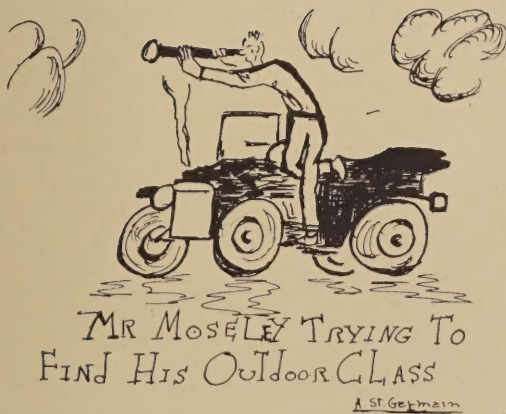
Snooping around we found some interesting statistics about our last two graduating classes. In 1936 the class was made up of 77 students. Nevertheless, it was three times as large as the first class to graduate in 1924.

Today, in checking up, we found that approximately three fourths of the class of '36 are working. What about the rest? Well, half of them are going to college, while one is married and another is back taking a post-graduate course. The rest are just taking life easy.

In contrast to this is the class of '37. According to approximate figures, nearly half are working, while the rest are furthering their education or weighing down the parlor chairs. About an eighth of the whole class are back for post-graduate courses, but none are married. The question now is how are the coming graduates going to stack up against the last two classes. What about it, seniors?



Dancing At Noon In The Gym



THE AGAWAM MIRROR

CORRIDOR GOSSIP

Have you noticed these long conversations that Edmund Kalinowski and Norma Swanson have in the corridors lately? (The Swansons and "Kalinowskis" get along well together.)

Ask Marie Fitzgerald why Neil Wilson prefers Cooley Street, to any other in North Agawam!

David Blackburn and Virginia Clark get along very well together. (We still don't know what the outcome will be.)

Whenever you hear a lot of noise somewhere around the building don't get frightened it's only Muriel LePage blowing off steam.

Colette Campbell certainly has "Wally Thornton well in hand! (What's the secret, Colette?)

Why does Priscilla Thalmadge blush so furiously whenever she sees Arthur Wyatt?

Norma Jane Winter says, "It's simply terrible the way these couples make a show of themselves talking in the corridor! (Have you forgotten those lengthy conversations you had with Webster last year, Norma?)

We can't imagine why all the Tri-Hi Girls leave after refreshments are served! (Is it that they come to meetings because they are hungry?)

Fannie Rossini tells us that the girls, going into assembly, look like a herd of sheep—they never stay in line!

What's this about Roberta Loomis being the "Belle of the Ball" at Jack Casey's? Is that right, Roberta?

It seems that Lino Gatti uses 5th period as a rest period. (Resting up for your next class, Gatti?)

If you hear an occasional giggle in assembly, you will know that its only Janet Waterbury laughing at a few of Norma Jane Winter's numerous jokes.

"Buddy" Bessette and Martha Tarnuzzer make a nice couple. We wonder why they have kept it a secret so long.

What's this about Bobbie Roy and Alice Kennedy? (We'll have to investigate further!)

Two Junior girls have Arthur Wyatt in a whirl. He can't seem to make up his mind. (Need any help, Arthur?)

Clifford Keeney has his eyes on Ann Matheson, but he's a wee bit bashful. (Don't be afraid, Keeney—she doesn't bite!)

Did you notice Gail Tulloch showing Eddie Duclos how to do the "Big Apple," in the corridor the other day? Excellent performance, Gail!

Did you know that Jeanette Kent plays football during her spare time? Are you trying to make the team, Jeanette?

It seems that the Senior Sub-Deb Girls just can't agree on which nights to hold their meetings because of conflicting dates. Why don't you bring the boys along to the meetings or couldn't they take it?

Has Romeo Borgatti a stiff-neck or does he hold his head high so as to see over the crowd?

We're really glad it was a bicycle, Adrienne, and not a bus that ran over you.

No wonder Ruth Cornfoot gets such high marks in letter writing. It's been her hobby since she came home from the beach last summer.

We suggest a course in "Modern Poetry" for certain Senior girls who could improve their style!

Did you ever hear of a stag party where girls were present? Ask "Dame" Montagne, Leno Gatti, and their crowd about it!

Every day at noon, Edmund Kalinowski and Norma Swanson like to enjoy the scenery, together, seen from a corner window in Room 22.

Jean Brown: "Why, I've got a date tonight. Brockett asked me if I would like to go out and look at the moon."

Joe Guy is always talking about his girl, but still nobody ever sees him with her.

Then there is the perfect romance of "Wally" Thornton and Miss Campbell.

The quickest way to find Eddie Duclos and Paul Adams is to first look up Gail Tulloch.

JOKES

Miss Dickerman: "Remember the dates of Emerson's lives."

Miss Smith (to Copson): "Copson, don't you want to be a gentleman?"

Copson: "Naw, I want to be a farmer."

Heard at Casey's: "I like to dance with the twins because when I get tired of them I can dance with the other half for a while."

Joe Guy was passing a refreshment stand at the Exposition when his girl suddenly said, "Joe, dear, don't you feel just like a hot dog?"

Robert Healy: "What's the first thing you say to a girl to start a conversation when dancing?"

Rushby: "Pardon me."

Mr. Hadley: "There's a man in Europe who is trying to run a subway to the center of the earth. Of course, it will be rather warm down there."

Quigley: "What's down there?"

Mr. Hadley: "Why, hasn't anyone ever told you?"

Mr. Reynolds: "Your next composition will be 'Does the Means Justify the End?'"

Class (bewildered): "Oh, Mr. Reynolds!"

Mr. Reynolds (kindly): "Very well, I'll give you another topic."

Class (thankfully): "Thank goodness!"

Mr. Reynolds (smiling): "The other topic is 'Does the End Justify the Means?'"

Alice: "I was told that I had athlete's foot."

Jane: "So what? I can run faster than you."

Norma Jane Winter is busily studying her shorthand, when the teacher enters the room.

Teacher (shivering): "Brr, Winter's here!"

Norma Jane Winter (absently): "Present."

M. Deloghia: "Hey, Jan, look at the cow in that man's yard!"

J. Waterbury: "I wonder why he doesn't pasteurize it?"

M. LePage: "Mr. Reynolds, I couldn't do my homework last night, because I didn't have a book."

Mr. Reynolds: "You may borrow mine, Miss LePage."

M. LePage (horrified): "Why, Mr. Reynolds! Do you think I would copy from someone else's book?"

Eugene Smith is absently hammering his ruler on the desk.

Mr. Reynolds: "Have you your grandfather's clock with you today, Smith?"

P. Talmadge: "How's this for a poem:

'A horse, A horse

See him!' "

A. Trehey (disgusted): "That's terrible!"

P. Talmadge: "Can't I? Listen.

A. Trehey: "Can't I? Listen.

'A horse, A horse,

See him, Oh!' "

◀ THE AGAWAM MIRROR ▶

Walter Thornton to Mr. Smith: "May I be excused from showers?"

Mr. Smith: "Why?"

W. Thornton: "I've already had my bath this week."

J. Marieb: "I bet I can whistle better than you."

R. Kent: "What makes you so confident?"

J. Marieb: "My mouth is bigger than yours."

Miss Dickerman (to Gatti): "What was the story of 'Sleepy Hollow' about?"

L. Gatti (confused): "The Horseless Headman."

Thornton: "I can read your mind like a book, Frannie."

Rosso: "Well, then, give it to me."

Thornton: "Give you what?"

Rosso: "Well, you said you could read my mind, and I was thinking about that quarter you still owe me."

Nardi (coming in from football game): "What a Charley horse I've got!"

K. Kane (to E. Burnette): "I didn't know Nardi had a horse, did you?"

R. Notman: "Are you a junior, Craig?"

H. Craig: "Nope, a sophomore."

R. Notman: "I thought you were a junior."

H. Craig: "Yeah. Harold Craig, Junior."

M. Barden: "Do you intend to graduate from high school, Craig?"

H. Craig: "Sure, if I live long enough!"

Teacher: "Use 'Analyze' in a sentence."

Pupil: "Anna lies worse than Mary does."

1st Girl: "My brother is so funny!"

2nd Girl: "Why? What happened?"

1st Girl: "The other day a salesman came to our door and gave a pamphlet to my brother and told him to read it. My brother said, 'Sorry! I go to night school. I can't read in the daytime!'"

HITCH-HIKING

Save a dime;

Lose some time;

Use your thumb,

And they'll call you "a bum."

Are you one of these fellows that stands in the middle of the street "bumin'"? If you are, well, listen; you may save money that way but just think, you may have to make up for it some day by paying for a ride in an ambulance.

If you're going to hitch-hike why not stay out of the road and be safe. Don't think that I am advertising the Springfield Street Railway bus line because I am not; I am advertising

SAFETY!

Charles Carr.

SENIOR STATISTICS

	Girls	Boys
Number in the Senior Class.....	37	42
Approximate number of very tall students.....	6	6
Approximate number of very short students.....	9	6
Number of plump seniors.....	7	4
Number of thin seniors.....	8	10
Those having curly hair.....	37(!)	15
Those having straight hair.....	0(?)	27
Members of Pro Merito.....	6	3
Members of the football team.....	0	6
Those who wear make-up.....	28	?
Those who wear eye glasses.....	10	4
Approximate number of blonds....	8	8
Approximate number of brunettes	29	32
Those having red hair.....	0	2
Those having very long hair.....	1	0

Rita Moseley.

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